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CAPTAIN

STEVE SAVAGE and his

No. 2

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JET FIGHTERS



PERILOUS MISSION
over **KOREA!**

the **CHOGUIN MASSACRE!**
the **DEATH GAMBLE!**

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CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE

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AND HIS JET-SQUADRON OF
SUPERB FIGHTING PILOTS
MATCH THEIR STUBBORN
COURAGE AND FABULOUS
BATTLE SKILL AGAINST THE
OVERPOWERING HORDES OF
SAVAGE ENEMY IN THE...

"PERILOUS MISSION"



Everett Raymond Kinstler, 1951

THERE IS
ONE CHANCE
IN A **THOU-**
SAND TO
SNATCH VIC-
TORY FROM
ALMOST CER-
TAIN DEFEAT...
THE ANSWER
LIES ON THE
CHOGUIN
VALLEY...BUT
THE **ONLY**
WAY IS...
'THE DEATH
GAMBLE'



OUTNUM-
BERED
TWENTY-TO-
ONE CAPTAIN
SAVAGE
LEADS A CUT-
OFF INFANTRY
COMPANY
OUT OF THE...

Choguin Massacre



CAPTAIN **STEVE SAVAGE** and his **JET FIGHTERS**



CHAPTER ONE

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS JET-SQUADRON OF SUPERB FIGHTING PILOTS... MATCH THEIR *COURAGE* AND FABULOUS *BATTLE SKILL* AGAINST THE OVERPOWERING HORDES OF THE *SAVAGE ENEMY* IN THIS...

PERILOUS MISSION
over **KOREA!**

CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS FIGHTER-PLANE JET SQUADRON--GO ON A STRAFFING RAID IN ENEMY TERRITORY--SOMEWHERE IN KOREA...

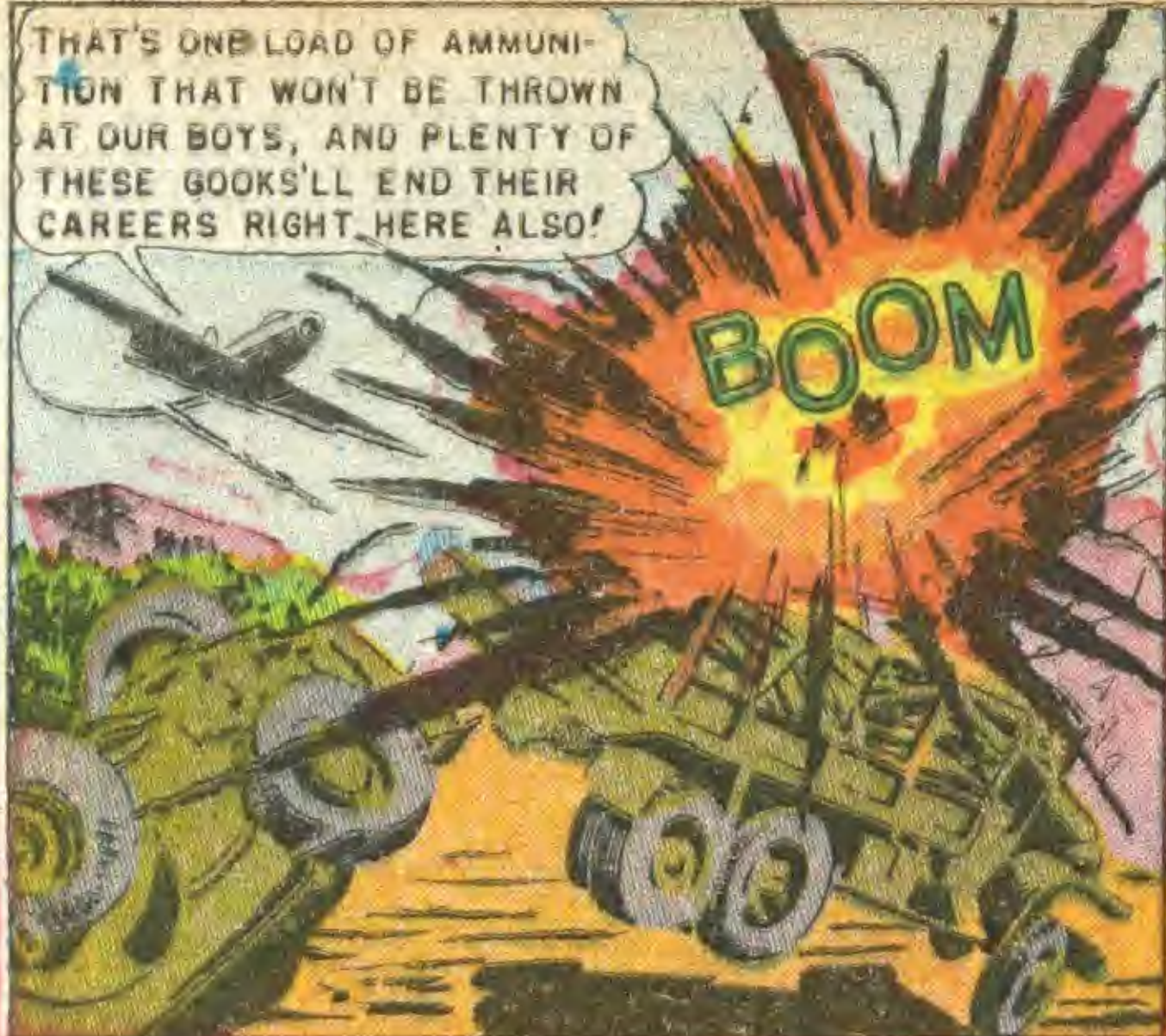
SAVAGE TO SQUADRON! WE'RE OVER TARGET! PEEL OFF AND HIT 'EM!



WE CAUGHT 'EM FLAT-FOOTED THIS TIME-- A WHOLE SLEW OF THE GOOKS. MUST BE AN OFFENSIVE COOKING UP. GUESS THAT'S WHY HEADQUARTERS WAS SO ANXIOUS. LOOK AT 'EM SCATTER!



THAT'S ONE LOAD OF AMMUNITION THAT WON'T BE THROWN AT OUR BOYS, AND PLENTY OF THESE GOOKS'LL END THEIR CAREERS RIGHT HERE ALSO!



WE'RE REALLY MESSING UP THEIR SCHEDULE. THAT BRIDGE IS TARGET NUMBER TWO. SAVAGE TO 4 AND 8. COME IN, JIMMY, DAN!



BLAST THE BRIDGE AND DUMP THAT ARMORED COLUMN IN THE DRINK! THOSE GOOKS COULD STAND A BATH. PLASTER 'EM GOOD!

I HEAR YOU TALKING! OKAY, STEVE,... EGGS COMING UP FOR ONE COLUMN OF GOOK ARMOR!



ROCKETS AWAY!

YOU GOOKS BETTER KNOW HOW TO SWIM. YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE A BRIDGE UNDER YOUR FEET MUCH LONGER.



MEANWHILE, STEVE AND THE REST OF THE SQUADRON HAVE SPOTTED A TRAIN, AND...

POUR IT ON 'EM, FELLOWS. CONCENTRATE ON THOSE LAST THREE CARS. I THINK THEY CONTAIN AMMO!



YOU CALLED IT, STEVE! THERE SURE WAS AMMO ON THAT TRAIN!



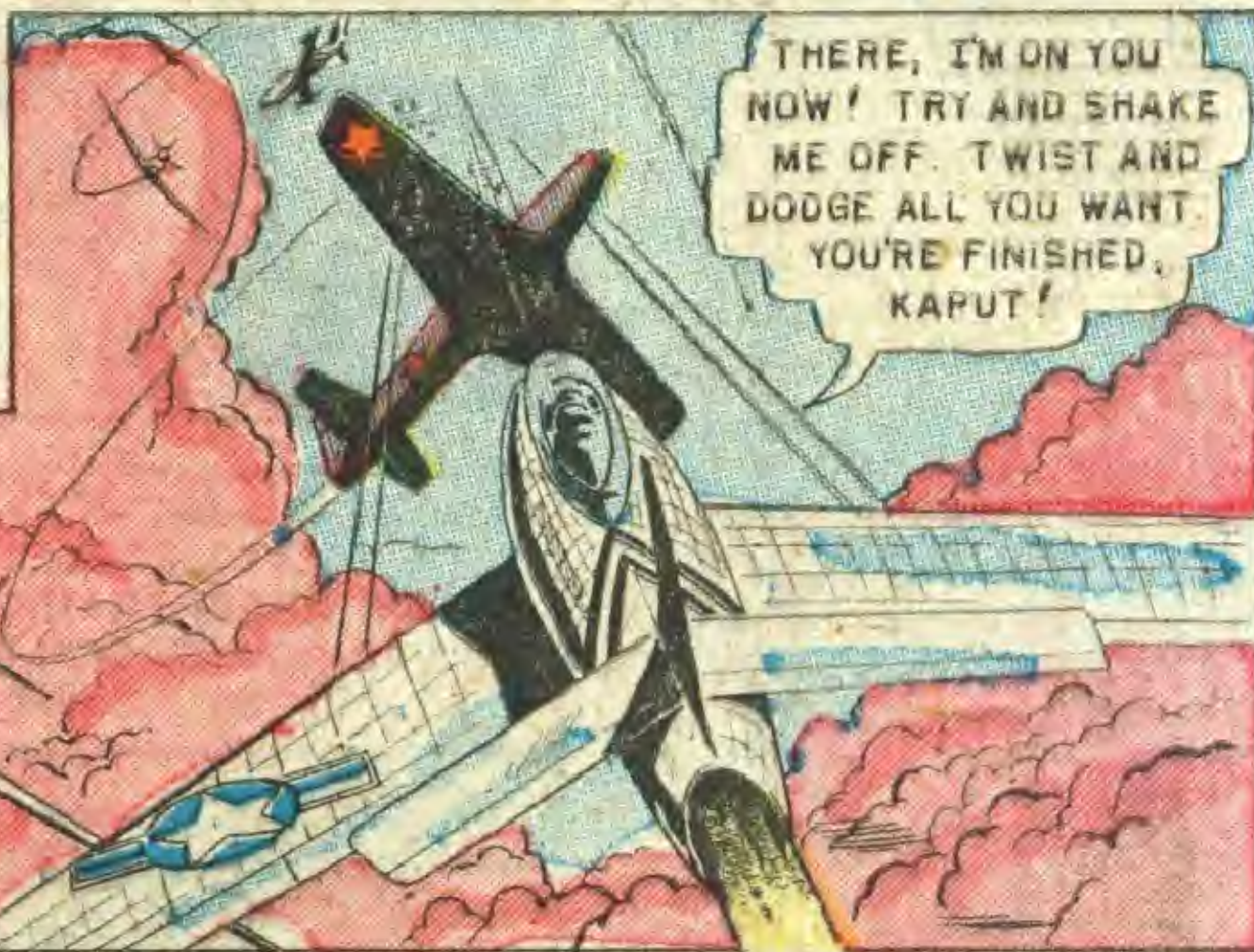
THE GOOKS SHOULD BE KEPT BUSY AWHILE CLEANING UP THAT MESS. I...? OH, COMPANY ON ITS WAY!



SAVAGE TO SQUADRON UNLIMBER YOUR GUNS, WE'VE GOT COMMIE JETS ON OUR TAIL. PREPARE FOR ACTION!



THEY LOOK LIKE BRAND NEW YAKS, STEVE, AND THEY OUTNUMBER US. WE'RE IN FOR A BATTLE!



THERE, I'M ON YOU NOW! TRY AND SHAKE ME OFF. TWIST AND DODGE ALL YOU WANT. YOU'RE FINISHED, KAPUT!

THE COMMIE YAKS COME OUT OF THE SKY IN SCREAMING POWER DIVES, THEIR GUNS HAMMERING VICIOUSLY!

WOW! THEY'RE FAST ALL RIGHT! BUT, THE BABE THAT'S PICKED ME FOR A TARGET, OVERSHOT THE MARK! IT'S GOING TO COST HIM HIS LIFE!



AND...

YAAAAAEE!



LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE THAT GOT A GOOK. THE OTHER BOYS ARE DOING OKAY TOO. IF WE KEEP THIS UP, WE'LL SOON CLEAR THE SKIES...? HEY! JIMMY'S IN TROUBLE!

GOING INTO A TIGHT TURN, STEVE SENDS HIS PLANE IN A SCREAMING DIVE ONTO THE TAIL OF THE ENEMY JET....

SAVAGE TO JIMMY! HANG ON, BOY, I'LL TAKE THIS GOOK OF YOUR TAIL!



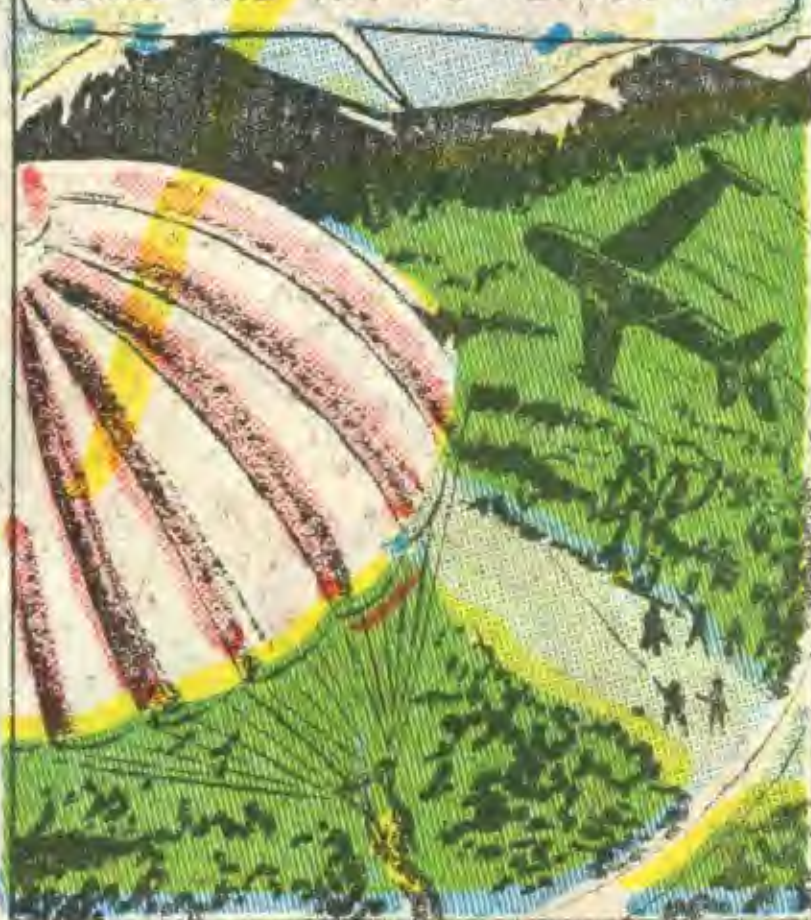
THAT PAYS YOU OFF FOR JIMMY!



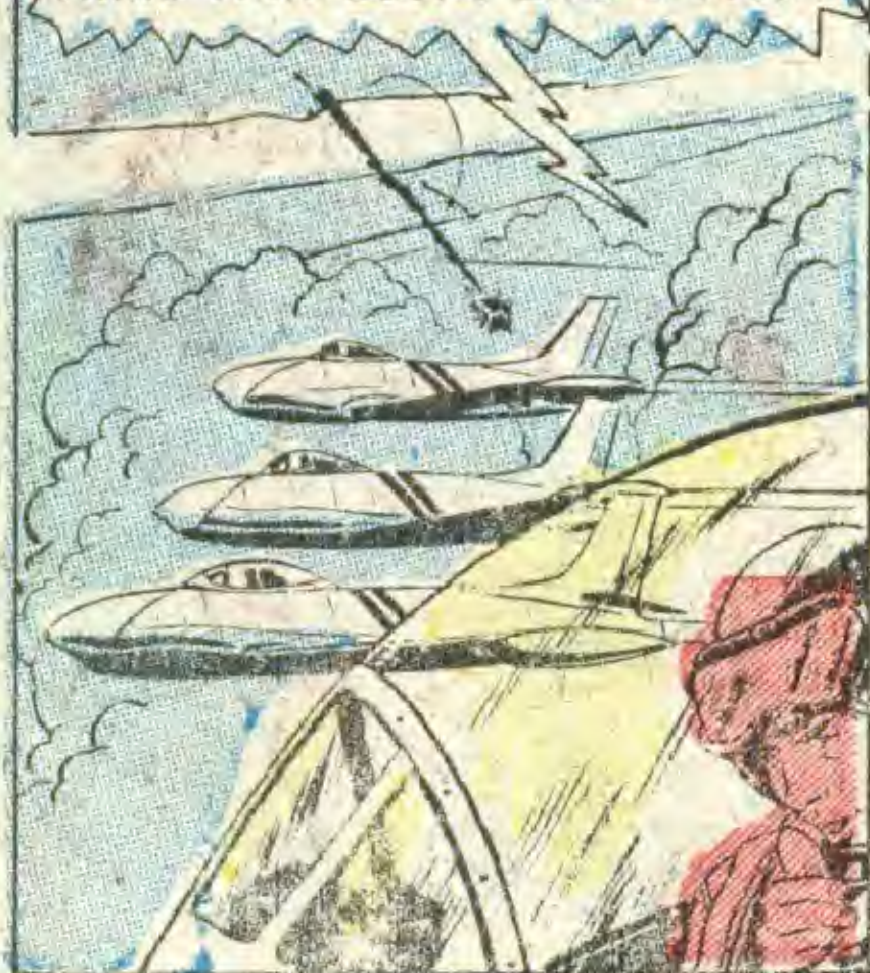
JIMMY'S BAILED OUT, BUT HE'LL LAND IN ENEMY TERRITORY AND THOSE GOOKS DON'T TAKE ANY OF OUR AIRMEN PRISONER!



AS SOON AS JIMMY GETS IN RIFLE RANGE, THEY'LL START USING HIM FOR TARGET PRACTISE! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP 'EM OFF, THEN LAND AND TRY TO RESCUE HIM!



SAVAGE TO SQUADRON! I'M GOING DOWN AFTER JIMMY! JUST WATCH THE ROADS AND SHOOT UP ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A GOOK!



THE GOOKS ARE TRYING TO SHOOT HIM DOWN! WELL, IF THEY WANT TARGET PRACTICE, THEY'LL GET IT, ONLY THEY'LL BE THE TARGETS!



THAT'LL KEEP 'EM BACK A BIT! WHILE THEY'RE OFF BALANCE, I'LL LAND AND SCOOP JIMMY UP!



STEVE ROARS IN FOR A LANDING, HIS BLAZING GUNS RAKING THE WOODS--

I'VE GOT TO GET JIMMY ABOARD, AND TAKE OFF AGAIN-- BEFORE THOSE GOOKS CAN GET ORGANIZED!



HERE WE GO!



G'MON JIMMY-- HOP IN AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

BEHIND YOU STEVE-- THEY'RE RUSHING YOU!



IT'S THE LAST RUSH THEY'LL EVER MAKE!

THE WOODS, STEVE-- THEY'RE ATTACKING FROM THE REAR!



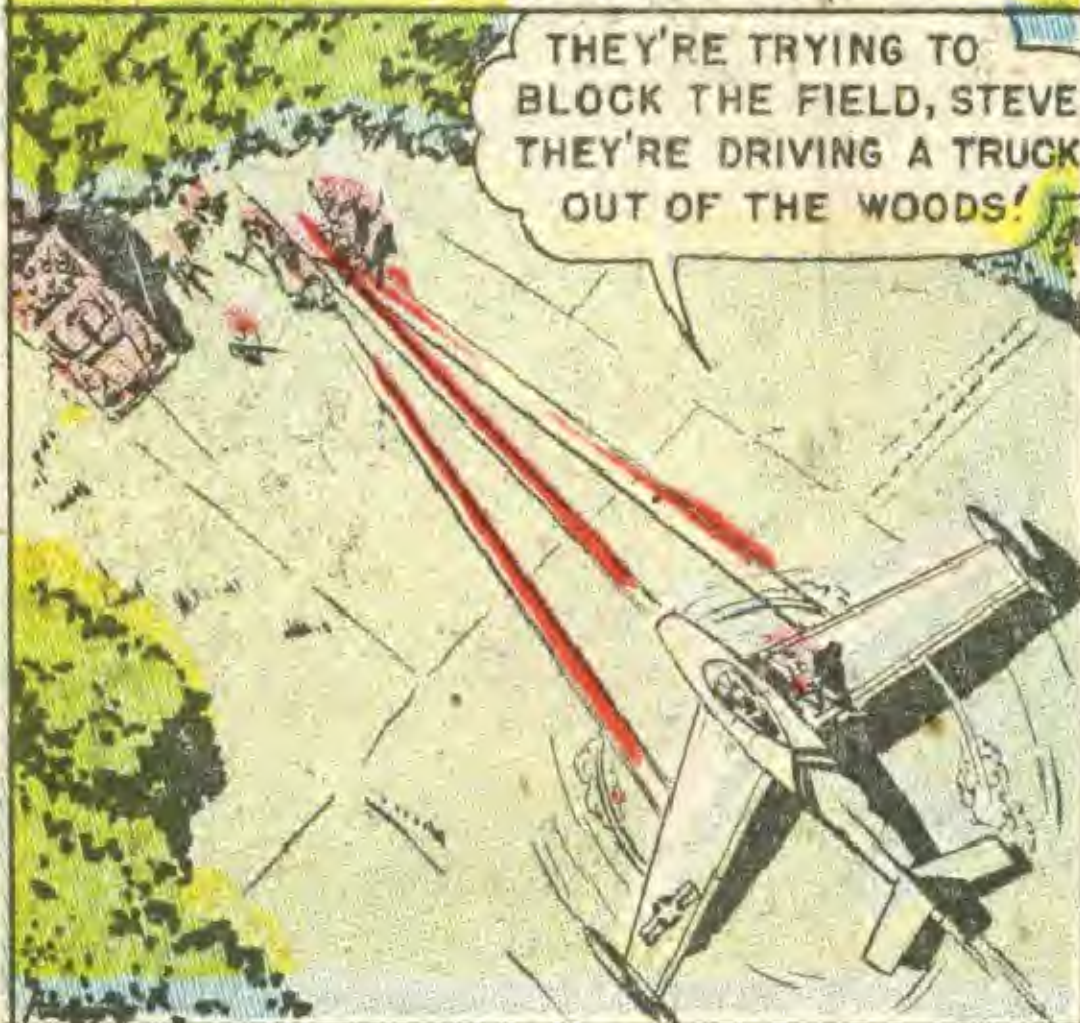
THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US FROM TAKING OFF--

THEY'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT-- HANG ON, JIMMY!



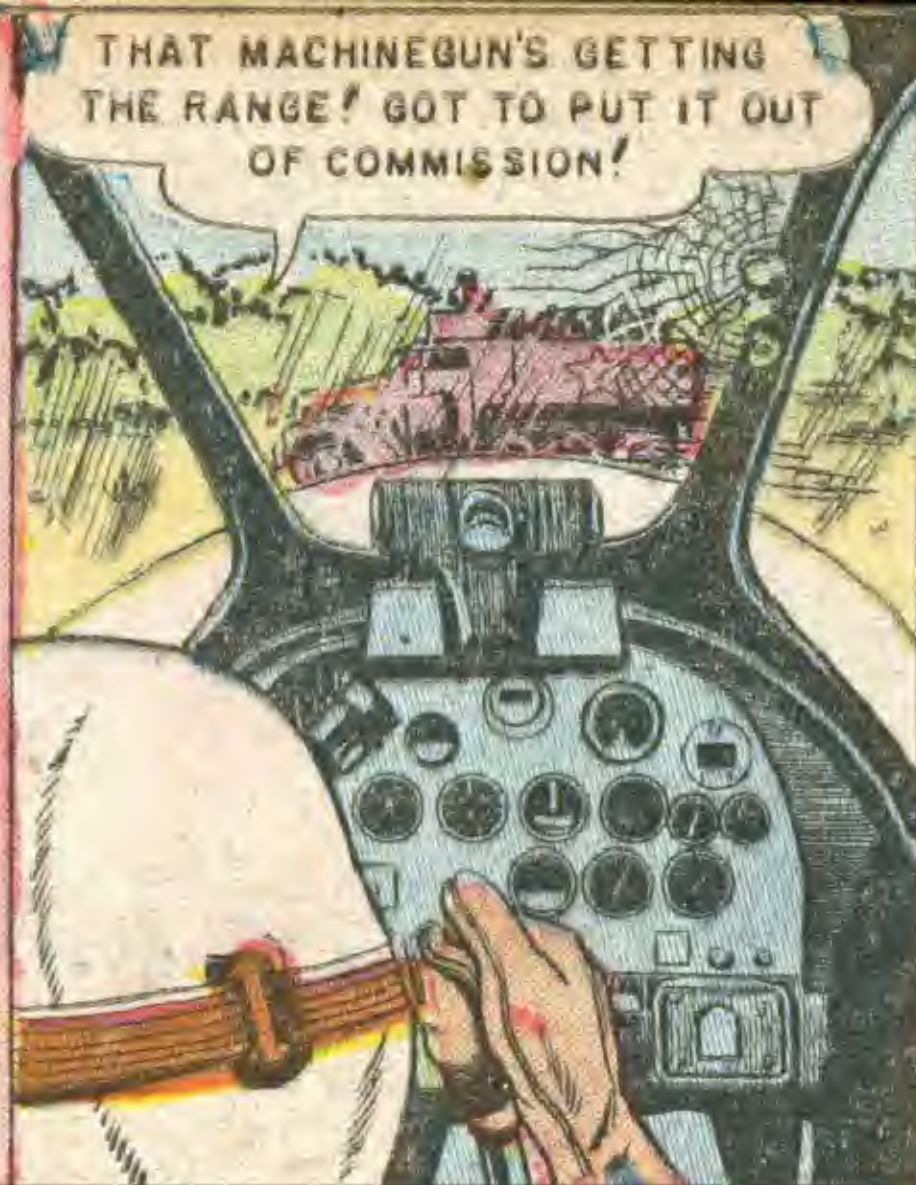
AGAIN, STEVE PIVOTS THE JET PLANE! AGAIN, HIS HAMMERING GUNS CLEAR THE WAY--

THEY'RE TRYING TO BLOCK THE FIELD, STEVE! THEY'RE DRIVING A TRUCK OUT OF THE WOODS!



STEVE
KICKS HIS
PLANE INTO
MOTION,
HEADS IT
STRAIGHT
FOR THE
BLOCKING
TRUCK...

THAT MACHINEGUN'S GETTING
THE RANGE! GOT TO PUT IT OUT
OF COMMISSION!



THAT DOES IT! NOW, HERE'S
HOPING MY WHEELS WILL
LIFT FAR ENOUGH TO CLEAR
THE WRECK!



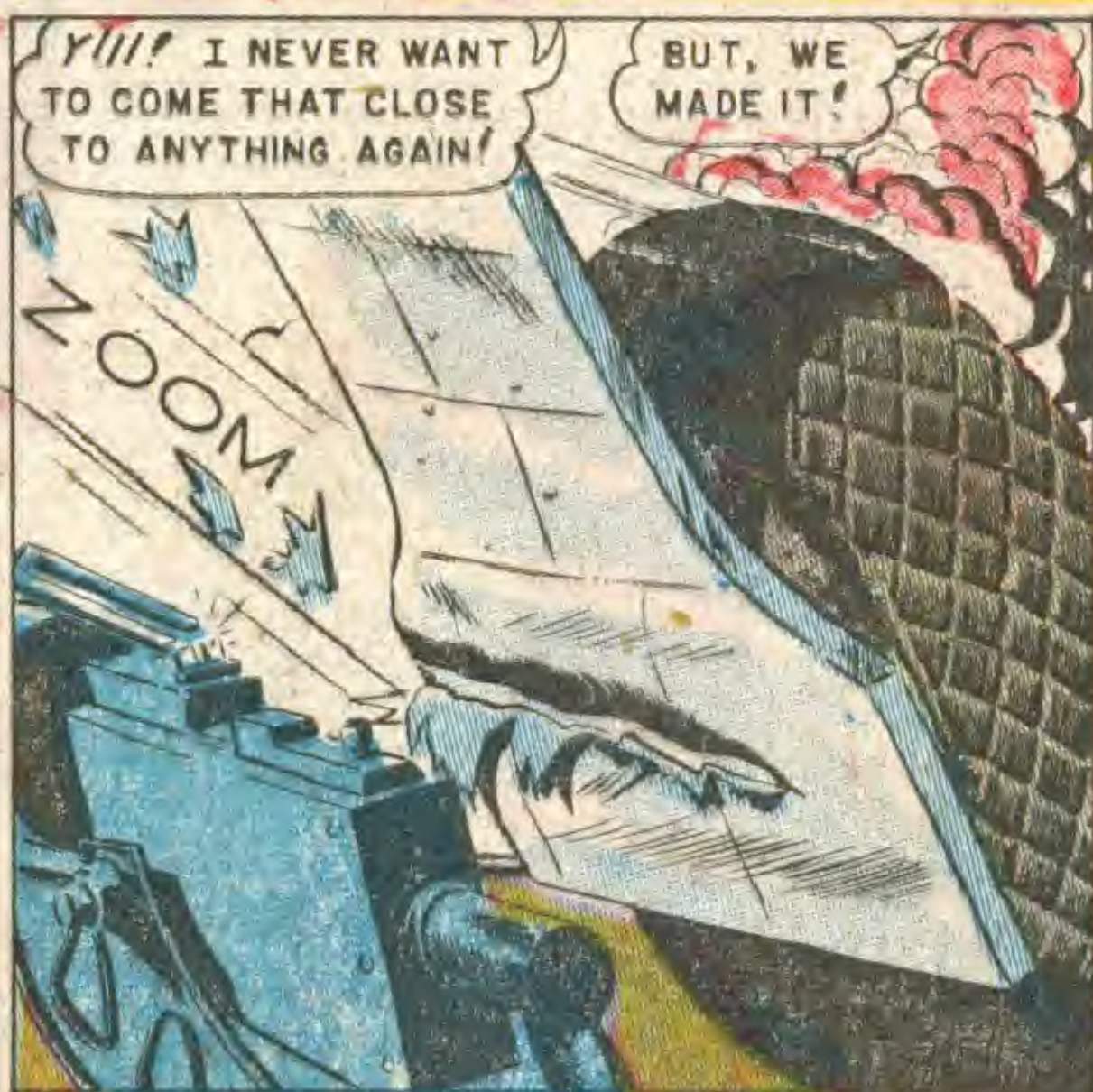
WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT!

WE'VE GOT TO
MAKE IT!



YIII! I NEVER WANT
TO COME THAT CLOSE
TO ANYTHING AGAIN!

BUT, WE
MADE IT!



SAVAGE TO
SQUADRON. WE GOT EIGHT GOOK
I'VE GOT
JIMMY.
OVER!
GOOD STUFF, STEVE.
WE GOT EIGHT GOOK
PLANES BEFORE
THEY HAD ENOUGH
AND TOOK OFF.
WHERE DO WE GO
FROM HERE?



BACK HOME TO REFUEL AND
LOAD UP WITH MORE AMMO AND
BOMBS. OPERATIONS PROBABLY
HAS ANOTHER JOB FOR US TO
DO. THESE GOOKS ARE OPENING
UP AN OFFENSIVE PUSH AND IT
LOOKS LIKE THE REAL
THING!



YEAH! THE ROADS LEADING
SOUTH ARE JAMMED WITH GOOK
TRAFFIC! WE SAW A WHOLE
SLEW OF HEAVY TANKS AND AT
LEAST SIX BATTERIES OF THE
NEW ROCKET-LAUNCHERS. WE
GOT SOME FILMS OF
THEM!



GOOD! OPERATIONS
WILL BE HAPPY TO
GET THOSE OVER!

SOMETIME LATER, STEVE'S SQUADRON LANDS AT ITS AIR-BASE SOMEWHERE BELOW THE 38TH PARALLEL...

MAN, THAT WAS A COLD RIDE. I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU OFF FLYING A FEW DAYS. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.



THANKS TO YOU. I WON'T FORGET WHAT YOU DID, STEVE!

CAPTAIN SAVAGE, SIR! COMMANDER EVANS WANTS TO SEE YOU AT HIS QUARTERS IMMEDIATELY!



STEVE REPORTS TO COMMANDER EVANS-

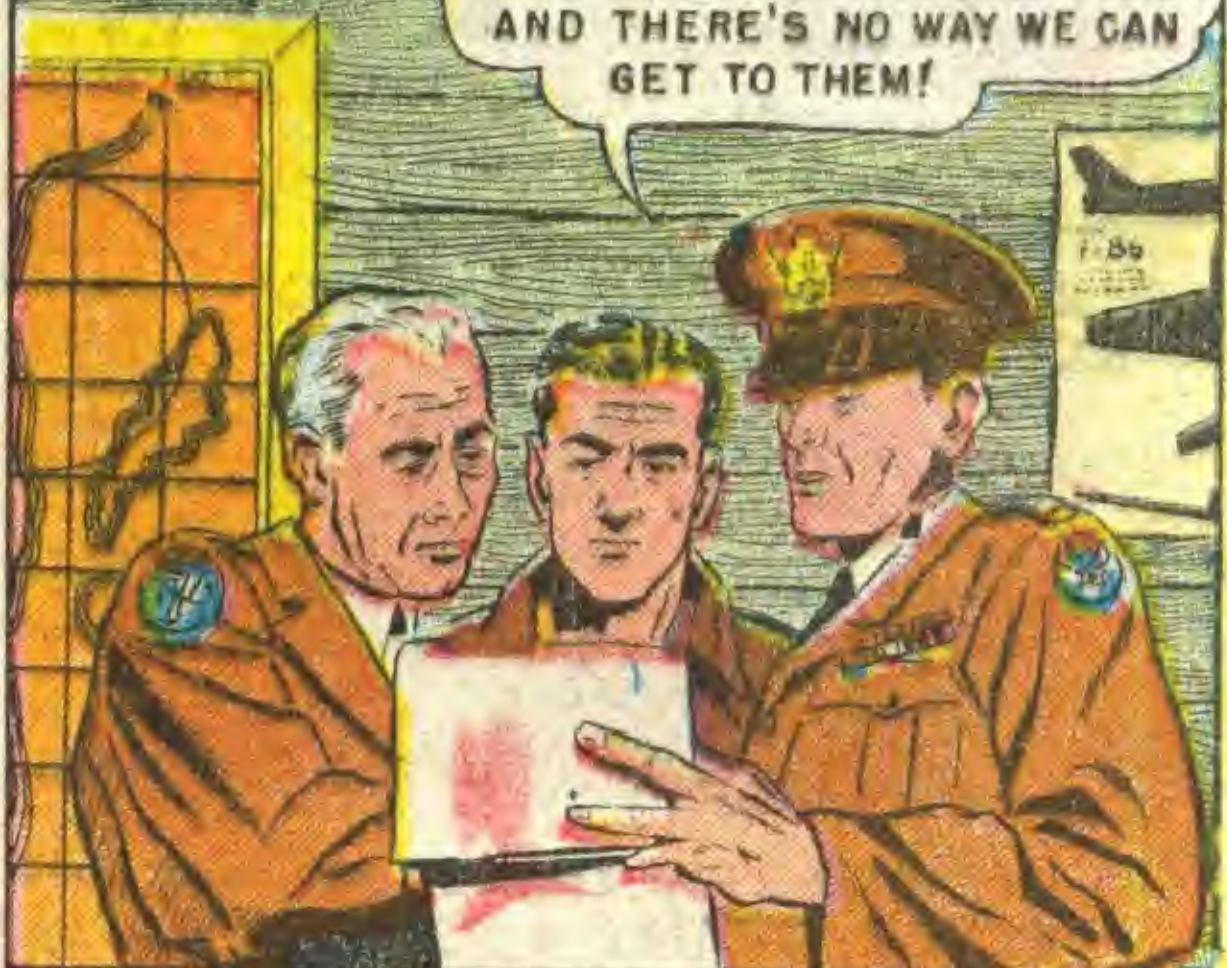
THAT'S THE STORY, SIR. HEAVY GOOK TRAFFIC ON ALL SOUTHBOUND ROADS.

COMMANDER EVANS, SIR!



YES, LIEUTENANT?

THE GOOKS HAVE BROKEN THROUGH IN C-SECTOR AND HAVE CUT OFF COMPANY A. THEY'RE COMPLETELY SURROUNDED, SIR, AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET TO THEM!



COMPANY A IS HOLDING THE CHOGUIN VALLEY. WE'LL SEND TRANSPORT PLANES IN TO FLY THEM OUT! CAPTAIN SAVAGE!!

YES, SIR?



THE TRANSPORTS WILL NEED FIGHTER PROTECTION! AND THAT AREA'S SWARMING WITH GOOK JET-PLANES! ARE YOUR BOYS READY FOR ANOTHER FIGHT? I WANT YOU TO ESCORT THE TRANSPORTS!

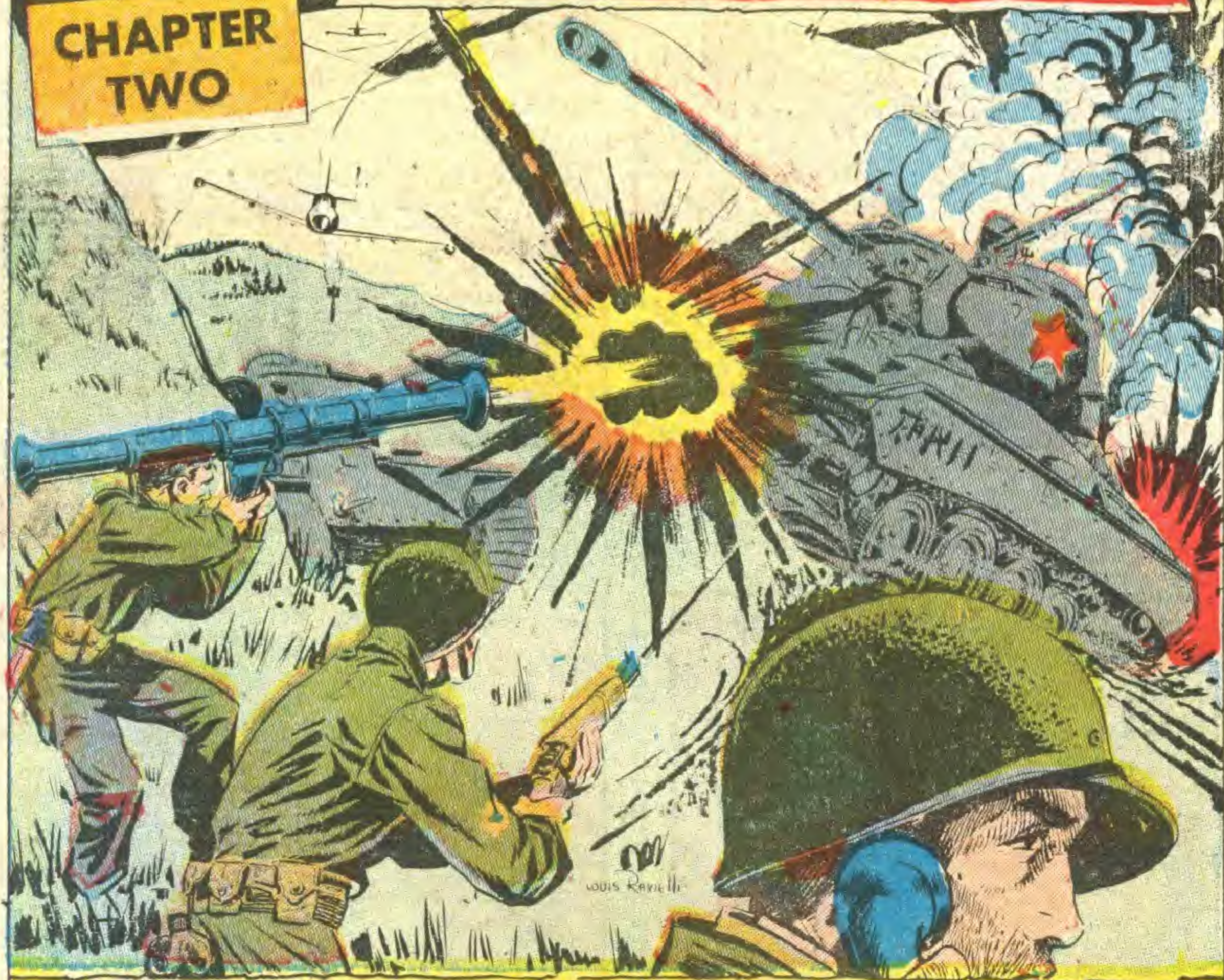
MY BOYS ARE ALWAYS READY FOR A FIGHT, SIR! AS SOON AS WE REFUEL, WE'LL TAKE OFF!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS FIGHTING SQUADRON IN CHAPTER TWO

the CHOGUIN MASSACRE!

CHAPTER TWO



OUTNUMBERED *TWENTY-TO-ONE* BY FANATIC GOOK FIGHTERS, *CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE* AND THE CUT-OFF *COMPANY "A" INFANTRY*, BATTLE COURAGEOUSLY IN THE FACE OF ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH, IN... *CHOGUIN MASSACRE!*

SOME MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE WING COMMANDER, STEVE ROUNDS UP HIS PILOTS AND HEADS FOR THE FIGHTER PLANES.

ALERT THE BOYS, DAN.
WE'LL FOLLOW THE LAST
TRANSPORT!



STEVE'S SQUADRON, ALREADY IN POSITION -- MOVE ON STEVE'S SIGNAL.

TAKE-OFF!



SOMETIME LATER...

THEY'VE SURE OVERRUN
A LOT OF OUR TERRITORY.
THEY MUST'VE BEEN BUILD-
ING UP FOR THIS OFFEN-
SIVE FOR MONTHS!



YEAH. LOOKS LIKE A CER-
TAIN PARTY'S BEEN
SUPPLYING THEM WITH
PLENTY OF FIRE-POWER,
TOO! CAN'T WE TAKE
A CRACK AT 'EM?

WE'VE GOT ORDERS
TO STICK WITH THE
TRANSPORTS!
THERE'LL BE TIME
FOR STRAFFING
RUNS LATER.



THERE'S CHOGUIN AHEAD WHERE
COMPANY A'S CUT OFF! YOU CAN
SEE 'EM DUG IN ON THE PLATEAU!



SUDDENLY...

HEY! THEY
GOT ONE OF
OURS!



BREAK FORMATION! WE'RE GOING
DOWN AND STRAFE 'EM! CONCEN-
TRATE ON THE SLOPES AND
PASTE 'EM WITH YOUR
NAPALM BOMBS!



YAAE!!!



THAT'LL TURN YOUR
TANK INTO A
FRYING PAN!



STEVE'S BOYS MAKE RUN AFTER RUN, RAISING HAVOC AMONGST THE GOOK INFANTRY AND ARMOR UNITS...

WHEN ARE THESE TRANSPORTS MOVING? I'M ALMOST OUT OF AMMO!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVIN' TROUBLE! HOW'RE THE OTHERS DOING?



WE'RE ALL SHORT OF AMMO, AND RUNNING LOW ON FUEL! YOU'D BETTER RETURN TO THE BASE AND STOCK UP! I'LL STAY AND COVER THE TRANSPORTS 'TIL YOU GET BACK.



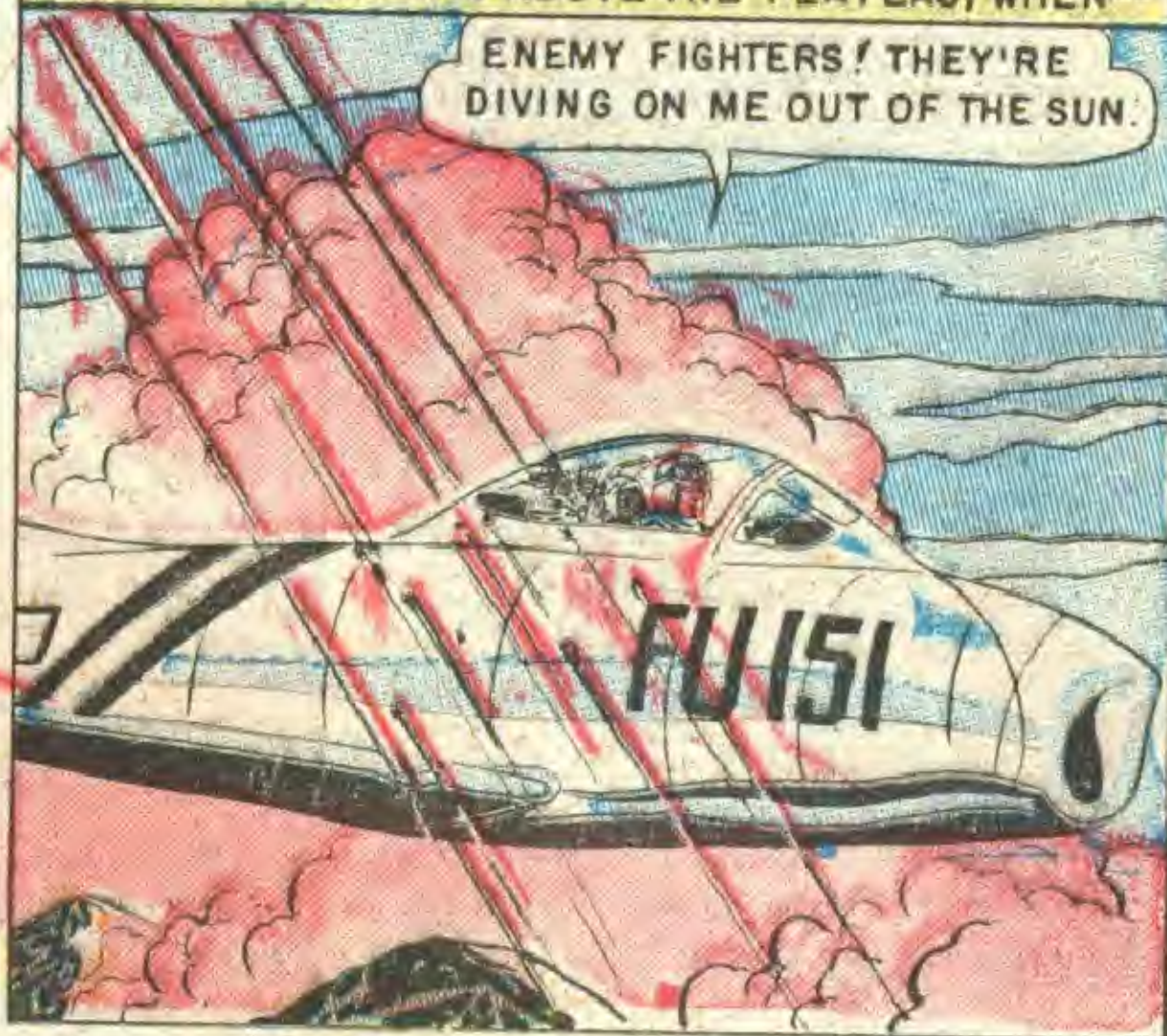
SUPPOSE GOOK FIGHTERS JUMP YOU?

THAT'S THE CHANCE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE!



SOME MINUTES AFTER HIS COMPANIONS PULL OUT, STEVE IS CRUISING ABOVE THE PLATEAU, WHEN--

ENEMY FIGHTERS! THEY'RE DIVING ON ME OUT OF THE SUN.



THERE'S FIVE OF 'EM, AND ME WITH ONLY A HUNDRED ROUNDS OF AMMO!



MAYBE THEY DID CATCH ME FLATFOOTED, BUT I'VE STILL GOT THOSE HUNDRED ROUNDS!



GOT 'EM! BUT, GOOD!





BUT...

YIPES! I'VE HAD IT! THAT SHELL TORE AWAY MY TAIL SECTION!



DIE, YANKEE IMPERIALIST, TOOL OF WALL STREET!

FIGHTING THE SICKENING PLUNGE OF HIS CRIPPLED PLANE, STEVE MANAGES TO LEVEL THE PLANE OFF JUST SHORT OF A STONY RIDGE, BUT...

IT LOOKS LIKE I'M DONE FOR! THAT MOUNTAIN SLOPE'S COMIN' UP FAST, AND I'M GOING TO...



CRASH!



I'M STILL ALIVE! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT IT'S TRUE! I'M ALIVE AND UNHURT!

HEY! YOU OKAY UP THERE? NEED ANY HELP GETTIN' DOWN?



THE AIR FORCE BOYS ARE REAL TOUGH. IT TAKES MORE THAN GOOK PILOTS TO KILL ONE!

MAN, IF YOU CAN STILL JOKE AFTER A CRASH LIKE THAT... THEN I KNOW THE GOOKS CAN NEVER LICK US!

STEVE IS TAKEN TO THE COMPANY COMMANDER, CAPTAIN DOGAN, AND AFTER CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS NARROW ESCAPE...

SORRY YOUR TRANSPORTS COULDN'T GET OFF THE GROUND BEFORE MY BOYS HAD TO DUCK FOR HOME, CAPTAIN. WHAT'S BEEN HOLDING YOU UP?

A GOOK DETACHMENT SEIZED PART OF OUR AIR-STRIP!

WE'RE IN A BAD WAY HERE. I FIGURED ON TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH ON FOOT, BUT WE'VE GOT TOO MANY WOUNDED. ALL WE CAN DO IS FIGHT, AND HOPE WE CAN GET THOSE TRANSPORTS OFF THE GROUND!

WHEN MY BOYS RETURN, I'LL HAVE 'EM DRIVE THOSE GOOKS OFF THE AIRSTRIP!

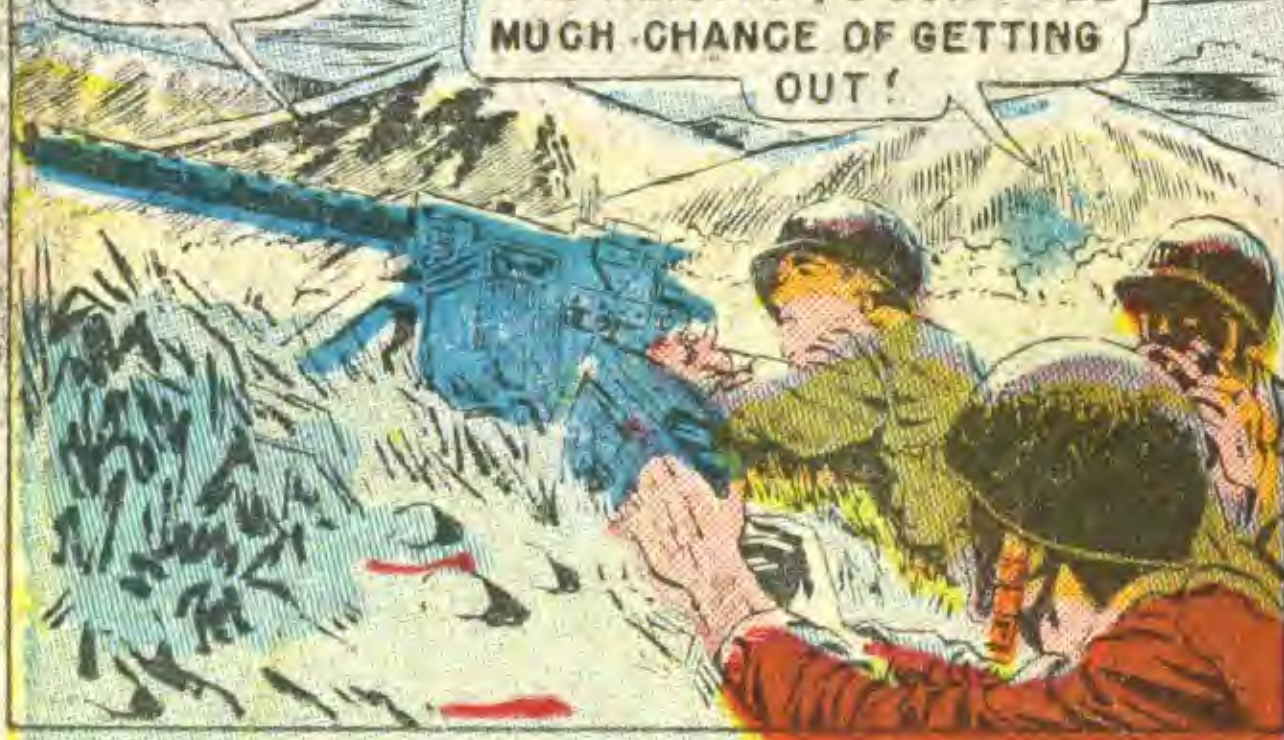
WE CAN USE ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, STEVE SURVEYS THE COMPANY'S POSITION-- FROM A DUG-IN MACHINE GUN NEST-- FACING THE ENEMY--

THERE'S GOOK PATROLS ALL AROUND US, SIR!

THEY CAN AFFORD TO LOSE TWENTY MEN TO OUR ONE! UNLESS WE CAN RETAKE THE AIRSTRIP, I DON'T SEE MUCH CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!



IF SOMETHING WOULD DRAW OFF THEIR RESERVES-- WE COULD HANDLE THE SITUATION!

YOU KNOW, SERGEANT-- YOU'VE JUST GIVEN A GOOD IDEA! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH CAPTAIN DOGAN!



HERE WE ARE, DOGAN,-- THE CHOGUIN RESERVOIR AND POWERWORKS! NOW, LOOK AT THE VALLEY. MOST OF THE GOOKS ARE CONCENTRATED THERE!

I SEE IT, STEVE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT!



I'D LIKE TO TAKE A PATROL AND TRY BLOWING THE DAM. IF WE SUGCEED, THOSE GOOKS'LL BE DROWNED LIKE RATS! THE PRESSURE UP HERE'LL BE REMOVED AND WE CAN RETAKE THE AIR-STRIP!





BUT IT'S SUICIDE!
NO PATROL COULD
GET THROUGH THE
GOOK LINES AND
REACH THE DAM!

IT'S WORTH A TRY,
DON'T YOU THINK?



IF YOU WANT TO CHANCE IT, IT'S ALL RIGHT
WITH ME! I'LL GIVE YOU THE MEN, AND ALL
THE EXPLOSIVES YOU CAN CARRY!



FINE, CAPTAIN!

I'LL SPREAD THE WORD
AROUND THE COMPANY
AND GET YOU YOUR
VOLUNTEERS.



LATER...
CAPTAIN, THE WHOLE
COMPANY VOLUNTEERED.
I PICKED THESE FIVE
MEN!

ALL RIGHT, MEN. THE
CAPTAIN EXPLAINED
TO YOU WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO TRY AND DO.
LET'S GET AT IT!



BLAGGING
THEIR FACES
AND HANDS,
STEVE AND
HIS MEN
WAIT NEAR
THE GOOK
OUTPOST
UNTIL
DARK...

GOOK SENTRY,
SIR. SHALL I
TAKE 'IM?

NO. WE'LL TRY
SLIPPING AROUND
HIM. WE DON'T
WANT 'EM TO
SUSPECT THAT
WE HAVE A
PATROL OUT!



WE'RE PASSED HIM,
SIR. WE'VE HIT A PATH
OF SOME SORT.

SINCE IT'S GOING IN
THE RIGHT DIRECTION,
WE'LL FOLLOW IT. THE
DAM'S ABOUT SIX MILES
DUE NORTH!

MOVING CAUTIOUSLY, STEVE'S PATROL MAKES STEADY PROGRESS, AND BY MIDNIGHT...

THERE SHE IS, BOYS! WE'VE MADE IT!

THERE'S A GOOK SENTRY OUT THERE, CAPTAIN! SHOULD I TAKE 'IM? THERE WON'T BE ANY NOISE!

GO TO IT, SERGEANT!

PSSST... GOOK!

WHA...?



SPLAT!

I GOT 'IM GOOD!



OBSERVE THE SPLASH! AND OBSERVE ALSO THAT CORPORAL KUIKI IS GONE FROM HIS SENTRY POST!



SOUND ALARM! IS YANKEE'S!

GET THOSE GOOKS AND SHUT THEIR MOUTHS FAST!



IS YANKEE IMPERIALIST SWINE! KILL! CAPTAIN! REINFORCEMENTS COMING UP FROM THE REAR!



THEY'RE SWARMING OUT LIKE LICE! WE'RE SURROUNDED, SIR.

WE'RE TRAPPED ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT LICKED, SERGEANT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!



WHAT IS THAT THING, THAT THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE? READ CHAPTER THREE FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER!

CHAPTER THREE

the DEATH GAMBLE!



THERE IS ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND FOR CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS SMALL PATROL OF DESPERATE FIGHTING MEN, TO SNATCH VICTORY FROM ALMOST CERTAIN DEFEAT! ON THE BLOOD-SOAKED BATTLEFIELD OF CHOQUIN VALLEY LIES THE ANSWER TO... THE DEATH GAMBLE!

TRAPPED ON THE CHOQUIN DAM BY ATTACKING GOOKS, STEVE SEES ONLY ONE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL FOR HIS OUTNUMBERED PATROL

INTO THE LAKE!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
GO TO IT, MEN...
JUMP!



THEY'RE LIGHTING US
UP! WE'RE LIKE SITTING
DUCKS!



THAT'S GOOD, SERGEANT!
NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE
THE LIGHTS ARE LOCATED,
I'LL BLACK 'EM OUT
FOR GOOD!



GOT THEM!

NOW, WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!



THE GOOKS'LL EXPECT US TO MOVE TOWARD SHORE! WE'LL FOOL 'EM BY STAYING CLOSE TO THE DAM AND HEADING ACROSS THE LAKE TO THE POWER-HOUSE! IT'S THE LAST THING THEY'D EXPECT OF US!

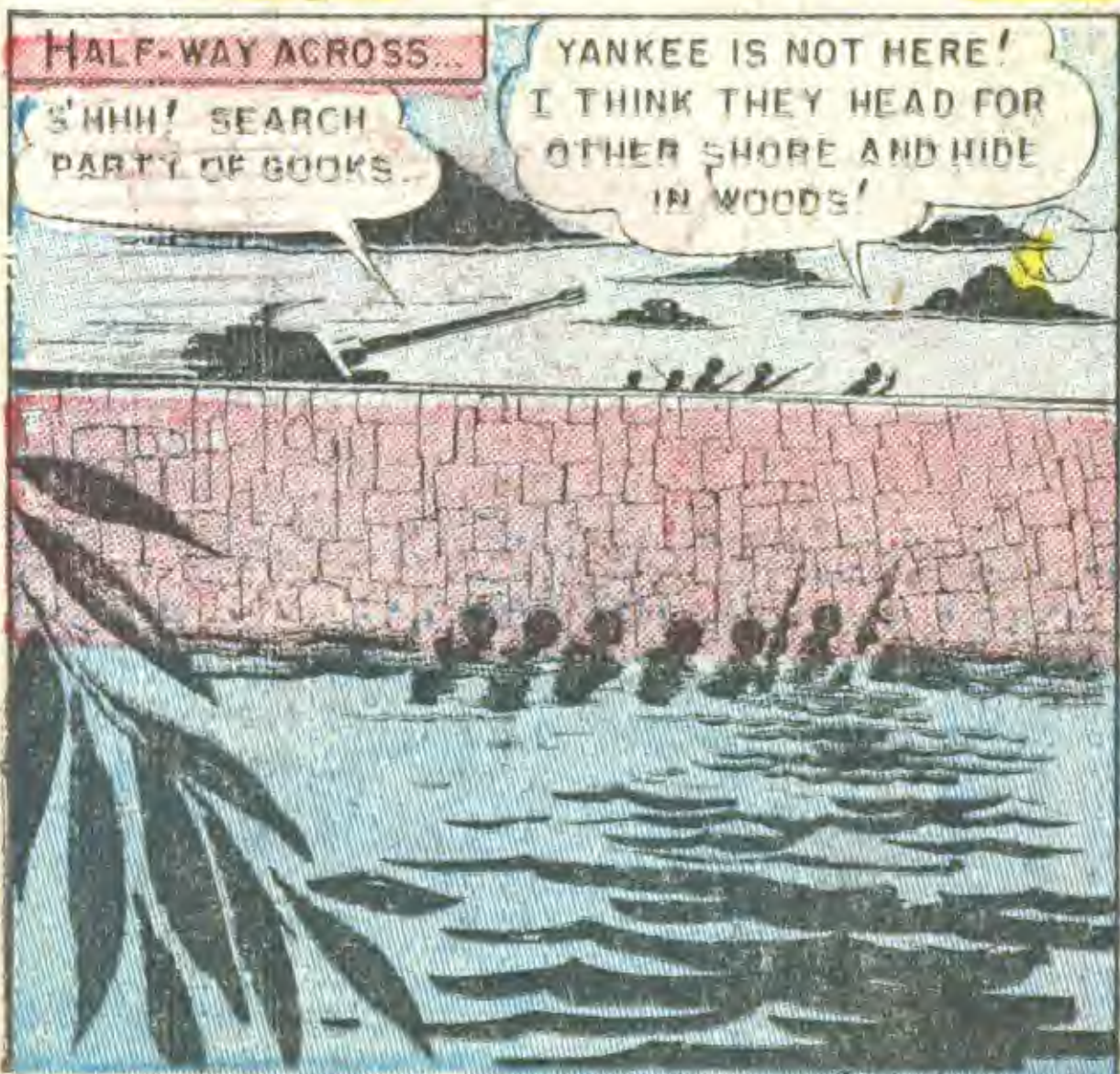


JUMP, SERGEANT!

TREADING WATER, STEVE GATHERS HIS PATROL CLOSE AROUND HIM, AND... FOLLOW ME. DUMP ALL YOUR HEAVY EQUIPMENT. HANG ONTO ONLY THE EXPLOSIVES! SERGEANT BROWN AND I WILL KEEP OUR MACHINEGUNS.



OI SY, LET'S GO! WATCH ME FOR HAND-SIGNALS!



HALF-WAY ACROSS...

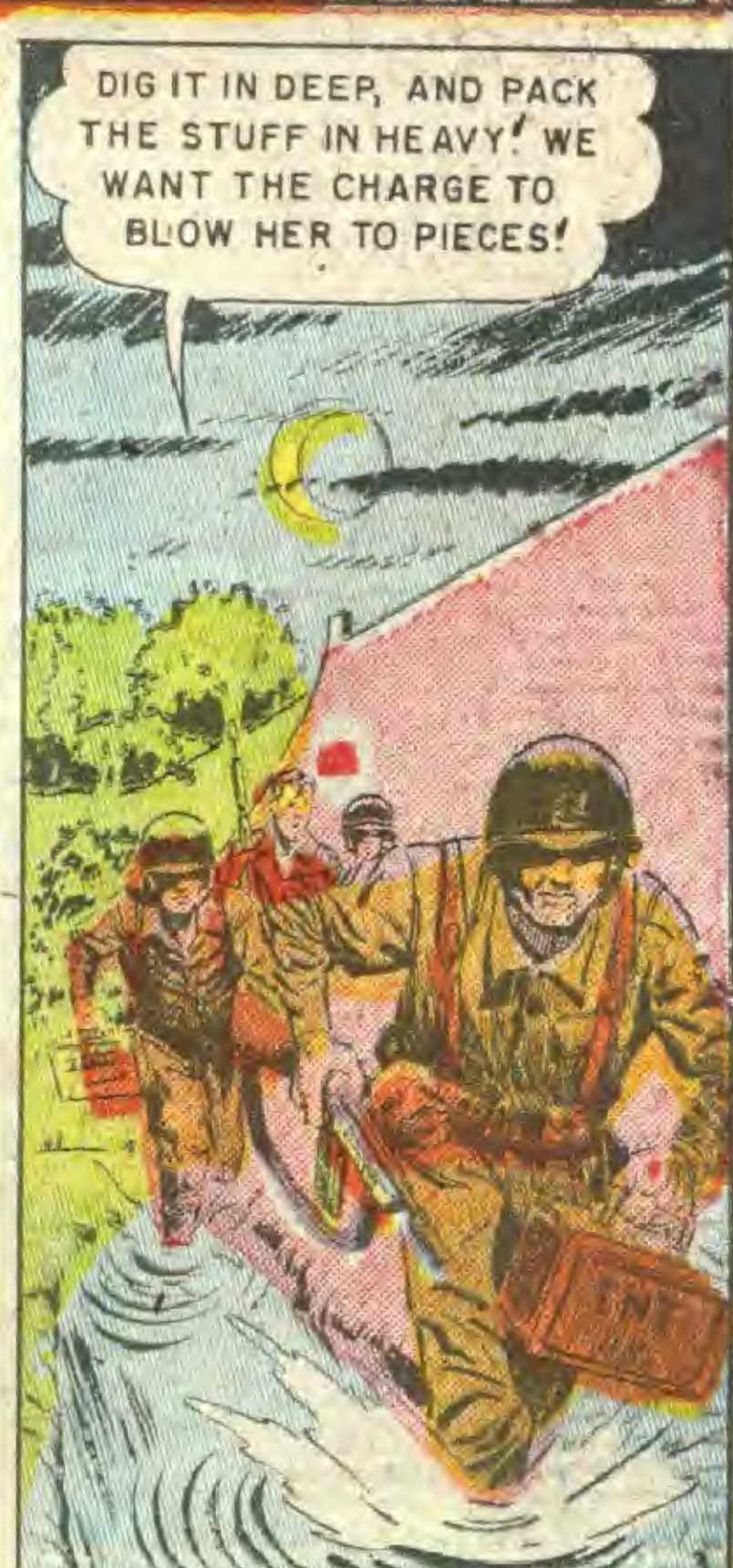
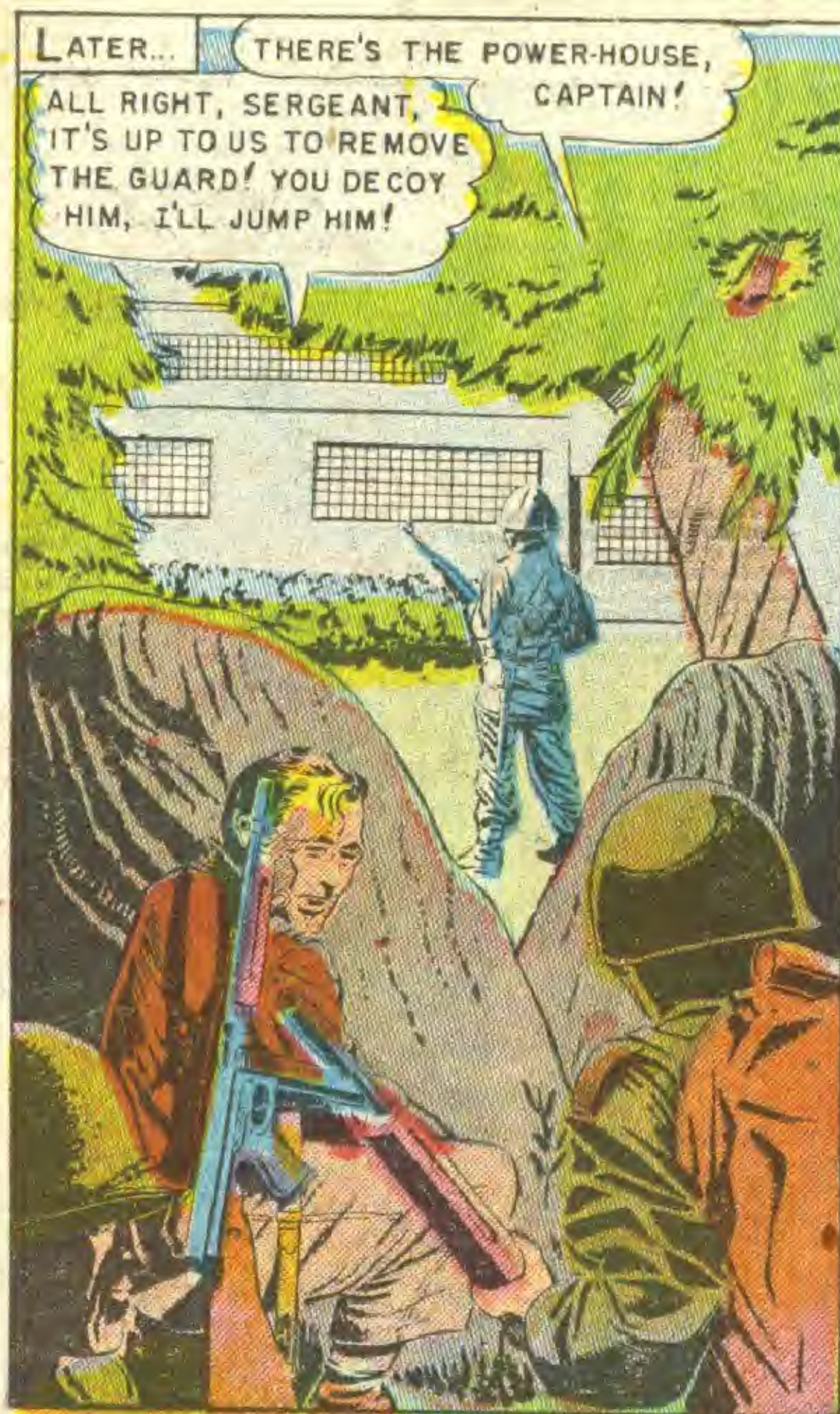
S'NNH! SEARCH PARTY OF GOOKS.

YANKEE IS NOT HERE! I THINK THEY HEAD FOR OTHER SHORE AND HIDE IN WOODS!



YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY DON'T EXPECT US TO HEAD FOR THE POWER-HOUSE!

WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE OF COMPLETING OUR MISSION.



WORKING
SWIFTLY,
STEVE AND
PRIVATE
LOGAN--
PLANT THE
EXPLOSIVES,
AND...

WE READY TO SHOOT IT, SIR?
JUST ANOTHER MINUTE,
THEN I'LL BE READY!



LONG AS WE'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS
DAM, WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE SOME OF THE
GOOKS WITH IT!



A MOMENT LATER...

P'SSST, SARGE!
IT'S ME, CAPTAIN
SAVAGE.

ARE WE
READY TO
BLOW HER,
SIR?



THEM GOOKS
HAVE LEFT THE
WOODS AND ARE
HEADIN' BACK
FOR THE DAM.
THEY'LL BE
HERE ANY
MINUTE.

CAN YOU AND
CALESKIE
HOLD 'EM A
MINUTE?



HOLD 'EM,
SIR?

YES! I WANT AS
MANY GOOKS
BUNCHED ON THE
DAM AS POSSIBLE
BEFORE WE SEND IT
AND THEM TO KING-
DOM COME!



YOU CAN COUNT ON
US, SIR!

BE CAREFUL, SARGE. I
DON'T WANT TO LOSE
YOU!



MOMENTS LATER...

THE SARGE AND
CALESKIE MUST BE
IN TROUBLE!

PLANNED TROUBLE,
CORPORAL, AND IF
THIS THING GOES OFF
RIGHT, IT WILL BE
TROUBLE FOR THE
GOOKS!



SOON...
THEY'RE
SURE
GIVIN' IT
TO THEM
GOOKS!

YEAH, EVERYTHING'S
WORKING OUT FINE!
WE'LL BLOW THE
DAM IN A FEW
MINUTES NOW!

SOON...

C'MON, SARGE...
BREAK AND RUN
FOR IT!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU,
CAPTAIN!

OKAY, CAPTAIN,
LET 'ER GO!

HIT THE DIRT,
MEN!

AS THE MEN HIT
THE DIRT AND
COVER THEIR
FACES WITH
FOLDED ARMS,
STEVE'S HAND
BEARS DOWN
HARD ON THE
PLUNGER OF THE
BATTERY-BOX!
FOR A SPLIT
SECOND... TIME
ITSELF STANDS
STILL...

THEN

THAR SHE
BLOWS!

THEN, WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE DAM COLLAPSES
AND LETS THE WATER THROUGH--

THAT WHITE WALL
OF DEATH'LL SWEEP
EVERYTHING
BEFORE IT!



IT ROARS
DOWN UPON
THE RED
ARMIES, CARRY-
ING EVERY-
THING IN ITS
PATH, LEAVING
BEHIND IT--
A WAKE OF
DESTRUCTION
AND DEATH!



CAPTAIN DOGAN, SIR-- **LOOK!**
CAPTAIN SAVAGE AND HIS
PATROL BLEW THE DAM!

THEN WE'LL HIT THE
GOOKS BEFORE THEY
RECOVER FROM THE
SHOCK!



MEANWHILE, STEVE AND HIS
PATROL HAVE CIRCLED THE LAKE
AND ARE HEADING BACK FOR THEIR
OWN LINES--

HOW MANY,
SIR?

HOLD IT! GOOKS
UP AHEAD!



A DETACHMENT,
AND HEADED
FOR OUR LINES!

LISTEN TO
THOSE MACHINE-
GUNS... OUR
BOYS MUST BE
TRYING TO RETAKE
THE AIRSTRIP! WAIT,
WHAT'S THAT?



THAT'S JET-PLANES--
OURS! MY BOYS ARE
BACK! OKAY, GRENADES
READY! LET'S
HIT THAT
DETACH-
MENT!



GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!
HIT 'EM-- **HARD**, AND GO RIGHT
THROUGH 'EM!



THE PATROL'S SUDDEN, ATTACK THROWS THE GOOK DETACHMENT INTO MOMENTARY PANIC, AND...

SWINE! WILL YOU LET FIVE YANKEE PIGS PANIC YOU LIKE FIELD-MICE?

GOOD TRY, BROTHER, BUT YOU'RE FIGHTING ON THE WRONG SIDE!



HOW WE DOING, CAPTAIN?

FINE, SARGE! C'MON, MEN, KEEP GOING! WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT! LET'S GO!



FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DETACHMENT, STEVE'S PATROL ARRIVES AT THE AIRSTRIP, AND...

HEY, DON'T SHOOT, THAT'S OUR BOYS!

WE MADE IT, CAPTAIN!



LATER...

CAPTAIN, YOUR BOYS UP THERE WIPED OUT THE ENEMY MACHINEGUN NESTS ON THE AIRSTRIP WITH NAPALM BOMBS. MY BOYS DID THE REST!



WE'RE ALL LOADED, CAPTAIN DOGAN!

THIS IS IT, STEVE! THANKS TO YOU, WE'RE GETTING OUT- IN ONE PIECE!



I'M GLAD TO HAVE TAKEN SOME SMALL PART IN THE ACTION, DOGAN. THESE KIDS DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD QUIT! IT MAKES YOU PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN!



DANGER NO. 5!

"I'm so mad I could go out and buy myself a new dress right now!" Pat Holm's pretty face was flushed, her hat askew, her nose smudged. In short, she looked like a woman who had just returned from an unsuccessful shopping trip!

Simon Templar . . . his friends called him the Saint, his enemies prudently kept their mouths shut most of the time . . . looked up from the newspaper he'd been reading.

"Don't tell me — you came off second best in the rush for the bargain counter again," he laughed. "Calm down, Kitten . . . a nice, long rest and you'll be almost as good as new. . . ."

"I went to Pierre's Beauty Salon first, of course," Pat ignored the interruption, "then I tried Stacy's, Fleming's, Nimbel's . . . all the stores in town! Not one of them had it . . . it seems to have disappeared from town . . . from the face of the earth!"

The Saint held up a restraining hand. "I find this all very interesting," he commented quizzically. "But — by my sainted grandmother — what ARE you talking about?"

"Why — perfume . . . of course!" Pat sniffed. "My favorite perfume . . . Danger #5! I'm all out and no one in town seems to have any . . . Stacy's, Nimbel's . . . even Pierre's. . . ." Again, the Saint held up his hand, like a traffic cop.

"Whoa . . . slow down! All this . . . this miniature war is over a couple of ounces of PERFUME?" He leaned back in his chair in helpless laughter. In another moment, Pat laughed too. The crisis was over!

Next morning, though, the Saint was up and out early. His destination? The downtown warehouse that housed the offices of Danger #5 Perfumeries, Inc. His objective? A bottle of perfume for Pat Holm. The Saint was like that.

The only occupant of the office was a pudgy, white-faced little man who looked as though he'd been born with a worried look on his face. At Simon's polite inquiry about purchasing a small supply of Danger #5, at a reasonable price, the little man exploded!

"Go away," he moaned, head in his hands. "Leave me to my misery . . . don't torment me!" Suddenly . . . he leaped — grasped the Saint fiercely by the lapels! His glaring eyes looked up into Simon's face the top of his bald head

barely reached the Saint's grinning lips. "Who are YOU?" he demanded. "WHO sent you?? Did THEY tell you to come here and sneer at me?? They can't drive ME out of business! They'll never get away with this . . . NEVER!"

Gently, the Saint disentangled himself. "And who, may I ask," his voice was low, "are THEY?"

"They??" The little fellow was like a firecracker. "That confounded ALLURE COMPANY . . . that scoundrel STRYKER . . . I can't prove it . . . but I know he's behind this! This racket . . . these crimes against my legitimate business!"

Bit by bit, the Saint pieced together an amazing story. Not a delivery truck with Danger #5 had arrived in town during the past week! Every night, on the roads leading into town, the same scene was repeated. Gangs of hoodlums, materializing somewhere along the road, would attack, halt, seize the truck carrying Danger #5. They overpowered the driver, pounded into senselessness anyone offering resistance. Sometimes, the truck was driven over a nearby embankment . . . "accidentally," of course. Sometimes, they were merely overturned at the side of the road. Always, the cargo of precious perfume was cracked wide open, destroyed, splashed over the muddy road. The police were helpless to patrol the length and breadth of every road!

"My delivery trucks!" the little man shouted. "They're being hijacked every night! No matter what I do, I can't get one . . . even one . . . through to town! I know the Allure Company! That unprincipled snake — Stryker, is behind all this! It's the only way he can sell his inferior product — Allure! No matter what road my trucks take into town, they run into Stryker's gorillas. He STEALS his swill . . . my BEAUTIFUL-SMELLING PERFUME ends up covering some country road!"

The Saint suppressed a smile at the vision of the sweet-smelling highways leading into town.

"My friend," the Saint gripped the little man lightly by the elbows, "would you be interested in a little . . . er . . . assistance?" The little man glared. "This is no joke, I assure you . . . Mr. . . . Mr. . . . ah . . ." The Saint hesitated, encouragingly.

Mr. Justin was the little man's name. "Justin, old man," said the Saint, "happier days are just around the corner for Danger #5! Take my advice . . . route your shipment over the New Road . . . tonight!"

"The New Road!" protested Mr. Justin, "that's Stryker's route . . . he uses it every night! How about the Eastern Highway?"

"No, my friend, make it the New Road . . . it's absolutely essential!" Simon Templar was already on his way out. A chuckle floated back over his shoulder. For a moment Mr. Justin was still. Then he came to life.

"Say!" he shouted after the departing figure. "What's YOUR name? WHO ARE YOU?" Then he noticed the card his visitor had left on the desk. It read: SIMON TEMPLAR. And in one corner there was a little pipe-stem drawing of . . . a SAINT!

The Saint didn't waste much time. He arranged for Hoppy to ride guard, that night, on Mr. Justin's truck. Almost casually, he inveigled Pat into a ride in the country. "We'll be as carefree as a couple of doves on the wing!" he orated, but without allaying Miss Pat Holm's suspicions. She knew the Saint . . . and she knew when something was cooking!

For awhile, driving along the New Road, it DID look as though the Saint hadn't a care in the world. Pat was beginning to enjoy herself. But that was before they met the Allure Company truck highballing it down the road . . . before the Saint swung the little car across the road directly into the path of the onrushing truck! Pat Holm closed her eyes for a second . . . prayed . . . hard. All she could hear was the hiss of the truck's brakes, the squeal of protesting tires. When she looked up, the truck had stopped a foot away, and Simon was out of the car. She was in time to see him lean to



the cab of the truck. A single, massive blow across the back of the neck and the driver was out . . . cold as a mackerel. The guard didn't even have a chance to get his gun in his hand before he was dragged out. A swift, downward chop across the throat, a sizzling uppercut to the jaw . . . the guard joined the driver in a deep sleep! The Saint tossed his captives unconcernedly into the rear of the truck, locked them in. "Let them enjoy the perfume back there," he said, "for a while!"

The Saint took the wheel of the truck himself. Pat followed, under orders, in the car. A quick cut cross-country . . . and the little caravan approached the city . . . via the Eastern Highway!

The trip on the Eastern Highway was short and sweet. In a few minutes, another, smaller truck pulled out of a side road behind a clump of trees. Simon knew they were going to block the road. He slowed his truck to a stop, got out of the cab with his hands up. "One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . ." the burly leader of the gang counted methodically as he crashed three driving blows into his captive's face, three kicks into his ribs as he went down. Leaving the driver "out" at the side of the road, the gang went to work on the truck.

First, they pushed it off the road. With one set of wheels on the soft shoulder, it was an easy task to bull the vehicle over on its side. Methodically, with axes, pick-axes and sledgehammers, the wrecking crew chopped the van to bits. It wasn't until they had pulled out and sent crashing to the ground most of the shipment of perfume that they found the two frightened, beaten figures within. When they looked around for the "driver" of the truck, he was gone. Just a little the worse for wear, he was driving back to town in the little car, with a curious Pat Holm. On his face, he wore a Saintly smile.

Next day, acting upon the Saint's suggestion, Pat paid another visit to Pierre's Beauty Salon and returned . . . wonder of wonders . . . with an armload of Danger #5! Pierre, she reported, had informed her that a large shipment of Allure perfume had been completely wrecked the previous night . . . attacked by a gang of goons . . . hijacked! Rumor had it the Allure Company was close to bankruptcy! And Danger #5, it seemed, was back to stay!

"Did YOU have anything to do with this?" Pat asked, suspiciously.

"Absolutely not!" The Saint's denial was righteous, vehement.

But Pat Holm knew better!

The MYSTERY of the **EMPTY GRAVES!**



MURDER WILL OUT?
YOU CAN'T PROVE MURDER
WITHOUT A CORPSE. YET,
MURDER, FOUL AND MERCILESS
STALKS THE CITY... AND MIKE
STRONG, ACE PRIVATE-EYE, RISKED
HIS LIFE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY
OF THE EMPTY GRAVES!

FOUR PROMINENT PERSONS
MISSING AND NOT A CLUE!
THE TAXPAYERS ARE RIDING
MY DEPARTMENT SOMETHING
BRUTAL... IF WE COULD ONLY
LAND ONE MISERABLE CLUE,
STRONG... ONE CLUE... EVEN
IF IT WAS IN THE FORM OF A
CORPSE!

INSPECTOR, YOU
SOUND LIKE A
VIOLENT MAN!
TSK-TSK!

TELEPHONE
FOR MISTER
MICHAEL
STRONG!

IT'S PAT KENT YOUR TOLERANT
ASSISTANT. FLASH... WE'RE
INVITED TO DINNER AT THE
WATT MANSION! DON'T ASK
WHY A BANKER PATRONIZES
US, BUT CALL ME
EARLY, MY SWEET,
DINNER'S AT
EIGHT!

PAT, FOR THE LOVE
OF MUD! YOU KNOW
I WANTED TO GET
SOME
SHIT-
EYE TO
NIGHT...





YOUR STARE IS SHOWING, MR. S...

SHE'S THE BEST LOOKING WORRY-BIRD I'VE SEEN LATELY.

COME NOW, SUSAN! THE POLICE ARE BOUND TO LOCATE YOUR DAD... I GAVE THIS DINNER PURPOSELY TO CHEER YOU UP!

WATT... BUT I'M SO WORRIED.

BEFORE YOUR PASSIONS RUN AWAY WITH YOU, MAY I MAKE A QUOTATION... "MISSING PERSON JOBS ARE DULL AND ROUTINE. STRICTLY POLICE WORK!"

I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M GOING TO EAT MY OWN WORDS, PAT.

FRANKLY, MR. STRONG, I INVITED YOU HERE TONIGHT FOR A SPECIAL REASON! TO ASK YOU IF YOU'D JOIN THE SEARCH FOR SUSAN'S FATHER. HE'S MISSING FOR TWO DAYS... I WAS VERY CLOSE TO J. F. TOPPS... I'LL SPARE NO EXPENSE.

PAT, COULD YOU MANAGE TO GET HOME WITHOUT ME? I'LL CALL YOU LATER...

IT WILL BE A PROBLEM, BUT I'LL MANAGE... NEVER SAW A CASE UNDER WAY SO FAST IN MY LIFE!



AND I'D BE SO GRATEFUL, MR. STRONG.

IT'S OUT OF MY LINE... BUT...



THE POLICE STATION! BUT THEY ALREADY KNOW OF DADDY'S DISAPPEARANCE, MR. STRONG!

CHECK, BUT I GENERALLY LET THEM KNOW WHEN I JOIN THEIR RANKS... AND LET'S CALL ME MIKE FROM NOW ON... I GET SENTIMENTAL WHEN I WORK...



WELCOME, ME BOY... IF YOU CAN HELP OUT ON THIS MISSING PERSONS BUSINESS, I'LL GIVE YOU A MEDAL, BUT IF YOU GET IN THE WAY OF MY BOYS, I'LL LEAVE AN ORDER TO HAVE YOU SHOT ON SIGHT...

THANKS, INSPECTOR. I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU...



NEXT... TO THE JOURNAL-NEWS...

THIS IS THE COPY, JOE. IF IT HITS THE PRESS BY MORNING, IT MIGHT WORK!

IT'LL MEAN MY JOB IF IT DOESN'T, MIKE... BUT I LIKE YOUR WAY OF SLEUTHING... I'LL RISK IT!



READ ALL ABOUT IT... SOLVE MIKE STRONG TO DISAPPEARANCES... EXPECT CASE TO BREAK IN A FEW DAYS!

POOR DEAR... AND ME FRETTING CAUSE HE DIDN'T CALL LAST NIGHT...

WELL! GOOD MORNING!

DIDN'T GO HOME LAST NIGHT, PAT... LET ME SLEEP... AN' RUSSLE UP A RESERVATION FOR TWO AT THE CHEZ CHARLES... FOR TONIGHT, BABY...



THE DAYS SLIP BY UNEVENTFULLY... UNTIL...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PLAIN AND FANCY APOLOGY... NO GIRL WOULD TURN DOWN A DINNER DATE LIKE THAT! NOT PAT KENT AT LEAST!

PARDON, MISS KENT... IS MR. STRONG ABOUT? WE HAVE A DINNER DATE...

YOU MEAN IT'S YOU... ER... YES, YES, OF COURSE, MISS...



STICK AROUND FOR AWHILE, WILL YOU, PAT? AND THANKS FOR THE CHANGE OF CLOTHES. DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU..

HMMM... LIKEWISE...



TO KEEP YOU POSTED, SUSAN, WE'RE HERE AS DECOYS IN HOPES THAT THOSE HEADLINES WILL BAIT SOME ACTION FOR US...

THEN YOU DO THINK THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN...

THERE WERE OTHER DISAPPEARANCES, TOO... THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME WONDER... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THOSE PEOPLE... THAT LITTLE OLD MAN AND THE BIG FELLOW... THEY KEEP LOOKING AT US...

SHAME ON YOU, SUSAN! I THOUGHT EVERY TAXPAYER KNEW DOCTOR SETH AND HIS MUTE ASSISTANT! GOVERNMENT IS BACKING THEM IN SOME SORT OF EXPERIMENTAL PROJECT... WAITER, CHECK, PLEASE!

WELL... GUESS THAT'S THAT. MY PLAN WAS A DUD... HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.

THE CAR IS PARKED DOWN HERE...

DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR?

YES, SOMEONE'S FOLLOWING US! KEEP WALKING, SUSAN... THIS MAY BE IT! YOU KEEP OUT OF THE WAY IF TROUBLE STARTS.

MIKE AND HIS COMPANION SPEED UP THEIR FOOTSTEPS TO MAKE SURE... BUT THERE IS NO MISTAKE, FOR THE SHADY FIGURES BEHIND THEM, DO LIKEWISE...



SO YOU WERE GOING TO REVEAL THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING PERSONS...JUST HOW DID YOU EXPECT THOSE DEAD MEN TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM, MR. STRONG?

SO THEY'RE DEAD, EH? KEEP TALKING, SETH, I'M LEARNING THINGS!

OH, THEY'RE DEAD ALL RIGHT...I KNOW... I KILLED THEM. I LIKE OUTWITTING THE POLICE...AND THE MONEY... AMAZING WHAT FOLKS PAY TO HAVE SOMEONE MURDERED!

MOVE! WE'RE AT MY LABORATORY...THERE'S MUCH TO SHOW YOU...

THE MAN'S A RAVING MANIAC!



RESPECTING YOUR INTELLIGENCE, STRONG, I'LL EXPLAIN... WITH MY PERFECTED ROCKET GUN... AND KNOWLEDGE OF EXACTLY WHERE GRAVITY ENDS, I STUMBLED ON THE PERFECT CRIME! SHOOTING VICTIMS BEYOND EARTH'S GRAVITY WHERE THEY SPIN FOR CENTURIES IN SPACE... FOR A FEE, OF COURSE, AND NATURALLY...

DADDY... DADDY...

SUSAN! HOW DID YOU GET INTO THIS HOUSE OF HORROR?

THEY HAVE COME TO WITNESS YOUR DEATH, SIR... AND JOIN YOU SHORTLY AFTER...



MY MUTE ASSISTANT, BRUTUS, HAS HIS FUN, TOO. THOSE WHO ORDER A MURDER MUST SIGN HIS LITTLE BOOK. SEEING YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE, THERE'S NO HARM IN TELLING YOU IT WAS MR. WATT WHO PAID FOR THE DEATH OF SUSAN'S FATHER... SAID HE WAS BLOCKING AN IMPORTANT DEAL...

BUT ENOUGH CHATTER. LET'S GET TO WORK, BRUTUS! AFTER ALL, MR. TOPP'S BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME...



JUST A MINUTE, SILENT BOY...
MURDER IN HASTE, YOU'LL
REPENT IN HADES, YOU
KNOW!



LOOK OUT,
MIKE!
PERHAPS
I CAN
HELP...

EASY, BRUTUS... DO
NOT LET YOUR
ANGER GET THE
BEST OF
YOU!



THERE! TAKE
THAT, YOU
BEAST!

OH-H, SUSAN...
WHAT AN AIM...



MIKE!
OHHH...

WHY,
THANK
YOU, MY
DEAR!



GOOD! SHE IS LESS TROUBLE
THAN IF CONSCIOUS! WE'LL
START WITH HER... IN THE
CRADLE, BRUTUS...
EASY NOW...



STRONG... STRONG.
YOU MUST COME
TO... THEY'RE
SENDING
SUSAN OFF
IN THAT
ROCKET
GUN!

DADDY!
MIKE!
HELP!

SSH! NO
NOISE
WHILE I
OPERATE
THE CONTROLS,
PLEASE...



HERE
WE GO
AGAIN,
BIG
BOY!





IT'S A SHAME TO SOIL THIS NICE COBBLE-STONE ON YOUR CHIN, BUT... HEY!

SORRY... I'M CLUMSY WITH GUNS... I AIMED AT YOUR HEART!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LOOSEN THESE BONDS...



MY ARM...

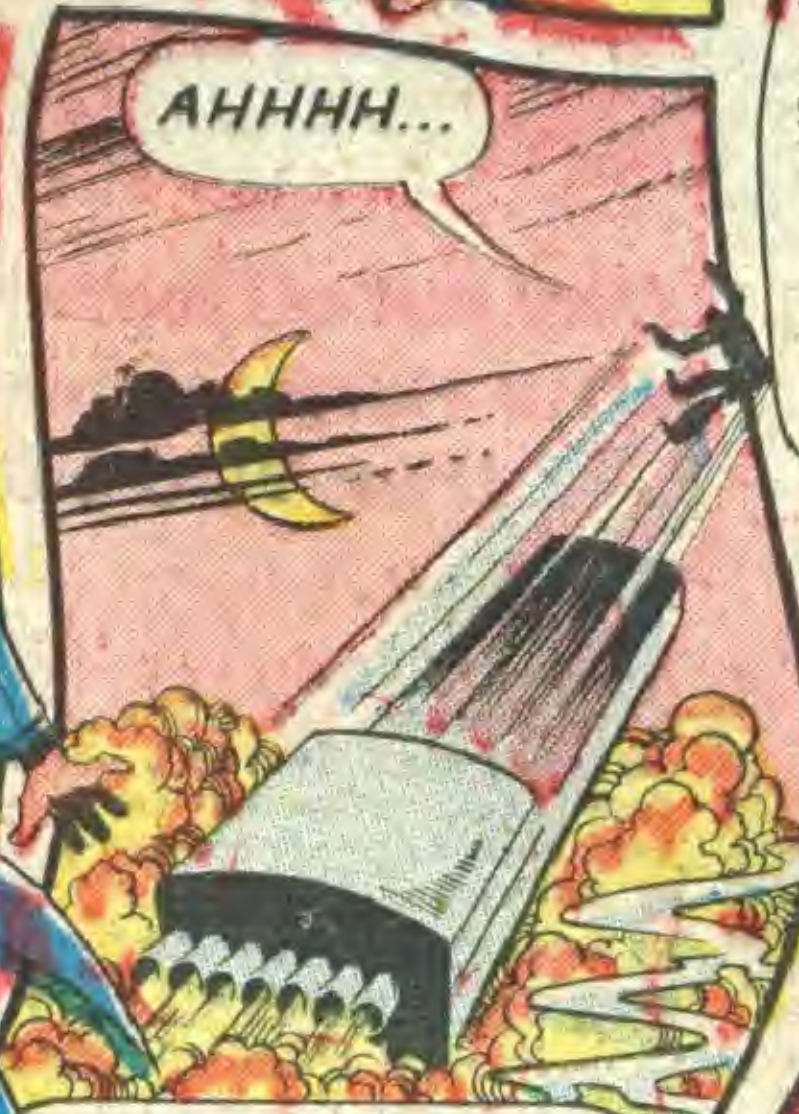


SETH, THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU AND I TO REALLY TANGLE!



ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! OH-OH...WHO OPENED THOSE CONTROLS?

LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL! THE ROCKET GUN!



AHHHH...

UNEXPECTED BUT TIDY, EH? MAYBE HE'LL GET A CHANCE TO DO SOME RESEARCH UP THERE... NOW, MR. TOPP, IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A HAND TO GET SILENT BRUTUS INTO THE AMBULANCE, WE'LL GO TO TOWN... THE REST IS EASY!



MR. WATT? THIS IS MIKE STRONG. I'M AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. THEY'VE GOT A CHAP DOWN HERE THAT'S ALL BEAT UP... SAYS HE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS. THEY WANT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL SHOW UP AND CHECK HIS STORY?

CAN'T BELIEVE IT... WATT PAYING TO HAVE ME MURDERED... FORGET IT, DADDY. THE POLICE HAVE HIM NOW...

AH! LOOK WHO'S WAITING FOR US! WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF COMING TO THE POLICE STATION, PAT?



GLAD TO HELP THEM OUT, STRONG NOTHING NEW ON TOPP'S DISAPPEARANCE, EH? TOO BAD... WELL, KEEP WORKING AT IT... SEE YOU AT THE POLICE STATION...

YOU FOUND MR. TOPP! OH, MIKE! AND ME WORRYING! I'LL NEVER LEARN!



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